

MODERN COMICS

AUGUST
No. 88

10¢

BLACKHAWK
battles a
NIGHTMARE
of TERROR!



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 of the group is the
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25¢



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

There are 200 million people in the world who are not getting enough sleep. The sleep you need depends on your body's needs. The sleep you need depends on your body's needs. The sleep you need depends on your body's needs.

RED WHAT DO THESE FAMOUS PEOPLE SAY ABOUT JEWETT. WANT TO FOLLOW IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS?

A. T. Fiksel (201)
 Street / Married woman
 who was married 1 year
 with 1 child who would
 be 10 years old.



THE PORCH
Charming cottage with
lots of South African
plants. I was every-
thing in flower early.
and lived at this place
when I began my writing
of the novel "Carnegie".



14 DAY TOTAL

and no small one of these famous names are in our
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Blackhawk



HERE COME THE BLACKHAWKS!

In a remote corner of the earth, servants of a tyrannical government seek to spawn evil against free peoples... Will these enemies of justice **NEVER** learn that they are beaten before they start? Again the dauntless Blackhaws teach an emphatic course in self-determination!



















FOOL! WHERE YOU FIND ONE BLACKHAWK, YOU'LL FIND THE REST! THEY WILL AVENGE--

HA! WE WILL BE READY FOR THEM! THEY CANNOT ENTER THIS BUILDING!



KARASH!

WHAT WAS THAT?



JUDGING FROM THE WAY OLAF SOUNDED WHEN WE DROPPED DOWN, OUR FIRE BURNED CLEAR THROUGH THE RAFTERS!

MAIS OUI! AND WE LOWER HENDRICKSON WITH CARE, LEST HE BREAK THE FLOOR, TOO!



HERE THEY ARE, MEN!

A FOREIGN HOUSE-BREAKER! SHOOT HIM DOWN!



GANGWAY BELOW!

BLACKHAWK BAN CLEAR DAS WAY FOR US!



HAWKAAAAA!

QUICK, BLACKHAWK! WE SAVE CHOP CHOP AND RAILWAY, NO?





IF YOU KNOW THESE TREES SO WELL, BEWARE OF SEEKING US AMONG THEM! YOU MAY STUMBLE INTO **AMBUSH!**



I WILL FOLLOW YOU—**IN THE AIR!**

VAROZEK SAID THEY WOULD FOLLOW US BY AIR! I KNOW THEY HAVE PLANES IN TOWN!

DAS BAN GOOT! SO DO WE HAVE PLANES!



HERE IS THE PLANE THAT BROUGHT RALLY-WAY—LIKEWISE TWO MORE OUR HOME GOVERNMENT HAS SEEN FIT TO SUPPLY!

FIGHTING PLANES, I SEE! EQUIPPED WITH GUNS—AND **FLAME THROWERS!**



GET ABOARD! I MYSELF WILL TAKE COMMAND OF THIS ACTION!

HOW CAN PLANES SPY THOSE FUGITIVES AMONG THE TREES, EXCELLENCY?



WE'LL SMOKE THEM OUT—**BURN** THEM OUT, RATHER! OUR FLAME THROWERS WILL KINDLE THE TREES, AND AS THEY RUN INTO THE OPEN OUR GUNS WILL FINISH THEM!

SPLENDID!



BE READY TO SET THE TREES AFIRE!

YOUR EXCELLENCY, WHAT COMES FROM THAT CLEARING JUST AHEAD?



HAWKAAA!

THEY, TOO, HAD PLANES—HIDDEN! **OPEN FIRE!**





Will BRAGG



AND YOU
CALL THOSE
GUPPIES FISH?
HAW-HAW-HAW!
HEY, SWENSON,
WHEN'D YOU
ECHOKE? TAKE UP
MINNOW-NAPPING?



OKAY, BRAGG!
I SUPPOSE
YOU'RE A
FISHING
CHAMP
TOO!

OH I WOULDN'T
WANT TO BRAG,
SWENSON, BUT AS
A MATTER OF
SOBER
TRUTH...

...UNTIL I GAVE
UP FISHING BECAUSE
I'D CAUGHT THE
BIGGEST FISH IN
EVERY CLASS
AND THERE
WAS NO MORE
INCENTIVE—
AHEM...

OH, ONE OF
THOSE GUYS,
HUH? TWO
HUNDRED
BUCKS ISN'T
INCENTIVE
ENOUGH FOR
WILL BRAGG,
I SUPPOSE?







LET'S SEE... THE LAST TIME I FISHED I USED A BENT PIN AND A WORM! BUT I DIDN'T CATCH ANYTHING!



MRS. MAHOULAHAN, I TRUST YOU WON'T MIND MY KEEPING THIS BAIT IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR...



WHEN I CERTAINLY DO BIND! GET THAT STIGGIE THING OUT OF MY HOUSE THIS INSTAD!



I GUESS THEY ARE PRETTY RIPE, BUT THERE WAS NO REASON FOR MRS. MAHOULAHAN TO BE SO UNCOOPERATIVE! PROVIDED I WIN THE CONTEST, I CAN EVEN PAY HER SOME RENT!

And with the morrow's grey dawn...



UGH! WHAT A TIME OF MORNING TO ARISE! BUT IF I'M TO LAND THAT 200 SMACKEROOS, I MUST MAKE SOME SACRIFICES!

AT LEAST I'LL HAVE A FEW HOURS WHERE THAT OVERAMOROUS EFFY GISSER CAN'T MOO AT ME!



HELLO, WILL YOU BIG HAND-SOME NIMROO!

EEOW! OH NO!



I HEARD YOU WERE GOING FISHING SO I FIXED A BIG LUNCH! WE'LL MAKE AN OUTING OF IT... JUST WE TWO! TEE-HEE!

CONFOUND IT, WOMAN... ULF! DID YOU SAY LUNCH? THAT'S A LITTLE ITEM I OVERLOOKED! WELL...



VERY WELL! YOU MAY BAIT MY HOOK, BUT KEEP YOUR DISTANCE FROM ME, WOMAN!

I'VE... ER... SPRINKLED MYSELF WITH A SPECIAL FISH LURE OF MY OWN INVENTION! THE SCENT OF ANOTHER PERSON WOULD SPOIL ITS EFFECT!





TORCHY













ICE CAP Escapade

THINGS certainly never last where the Black Hawks are concerned. Blackhawk thought to himself as he looked forward warily through the driving, blinding snow, with whipping from the surface of the ice cap. Ten days ago he recalled, they had been welcomed in Washington and asked to undertake a delicate mission against agents of a "so-called" friendly state. Today they were fighting the demons and men on the great ice cap.

Feeling cautiously ahead of him with his ice axe, he moved a few feet forward and stopped. Although the snow surprised him from coming more than about ten in any direction, location, or a dash away, warned him that he was within his destiny. "Wouldn't do to get too close," he said aloud. "Don't get our tail feathers stepped."

He moved on his side with difficulty because of the bulky winter clothes he was wearing and slipped back into the deeper cushion of wind-blown snow. There was no sign of the others. He probed the snow that connected him with Chuck and the others and gave two sharp pulls, the pre-arranged signal for them to join him. As he rested on one elbow, working for breath, he found it hard to believe that two hours on the ice cap could be so exhausting. "Must be the altitude," he said aloud with a laugh.

"What's wrong with my altitude?" came an indignant voice from behind him. It was Chuck, who with the others had crawled up unnoticed.

"Oh, it's you at last," their leader remarked with a grin. "I thought you snow birds had fallen into a crevasse." Then, after a pause, "Heard anything from Andre and Olaf yet?" he asked, posturing with a muttered thrust at the portable chest where sat Chuck had slipped up with him.

"Sure thing," was Chuck's quick rejoinder. "Andre says they'll be on target in five minutes."

"Aah!" muttered Henderson, whose stout mustache and bulky clothing gave him a comical walrus-like appearance. "The Frenchman had better make it schmappy, else we all be frozen."

"Such a word, Dutchman," laughed Blackhawk, playfully poking the big fellow in the ribs. "Things will be hot enough for you in a few minutes."

"You said it," Chuck nodded in agreement. "When Andre and Olaf drop their surprise packages, this old ice hog, or whatever it is, is going to turn into a hot water bottle."

As the men had been talking, the arctic gale had abated and the wildly blowing snow settled so that the terrain was visible for some two hundred yards

around them. Three, directly in front of them and barely discernible in the snow, was the object of their attack. A series of small mounds—often, probably—which served as shelters for the engines of tyranny and destruction that had caused so many places to become disabled or at over the ice cap in recent months. Blackhawk, after a very advantage gained by the elements, raised himself cautiously and surveyed the scene. As his brilliant mind formulated his plan of attack, crisp orders issued from his lips. "This is it, men," he said evenly. "Those ice bums up ahead are going to melt like ice cubes in an oven when Olaf and Andre drop their incendiaries. That'll bring the rascals out in the open where we want them. Doubtless they'll head this way—away from the ice cap. I want you men to spread out—fifty feet between each of you, and after the bombs are away, you are to move in as close as you can and wait for the rats to come out. Are there any questions? Then, Good luck."

No answer had the orders been given and the men deployed that the tell-tale whisper of powerful jet engines could be heard above the whistle of the wind. Then, as if by magic, the area ahead of them was transformed into a raging inferno of molten oil and magnesium bombs.

The heat was terrific, but Blackhawk, ignoring it, kept to his feet and charged towards the center of the flames. The war cry of the Blackhawk came from his lips as he went forward and his men followed, echoing the spine-ringing "Hawkaa" of their gallant leader.

About a hundred yards from the place where the heat was most intense, Blackhawk and his men met the headlong charge of the bewildered and frightened enemy agents. The abject terror of these poor creatures left them no match for the calm, resourceful Blackhawk. After a short, hard struggle, Blackhawk and his men stood victoriously over six firmly trussed men, preparing for the long trek back over the ice cap to the secret carrier from which the dauntless band of adventurers had come.

Several hours later, basking in the warmth of the carrier's wardroom, Blackhawk and his men were recounting the experiences of the day just passed. The hardships of the ice cap seemed worlds away now. Suddenly, the mighty Blackhawk stood up amid the members of his hardy group and, raising his coffee cup on high, said, "Long life to freedom! Death to tyranny! Blackhawk forever, Hawkaa!" And as the challenge echoed against the bulkheads, his men replied—"Hawkaa!"

EZRA

I THOUGHT YOU'D
LIKE IT, MYRNA!
THERE ARE SO
MANY BUOYS
AROUND!

GLEEPS, EZRA!
THIS IS A FINE
WAY TO SHOW
A GIRL A GOOD
TIME!



WE SURE
BUILT US A
TRIM LITTLE
TRAWLER,
ROLLO!

SHE'S AS
SMOOTH AS
ANY BOAT
AROUND
HERE!

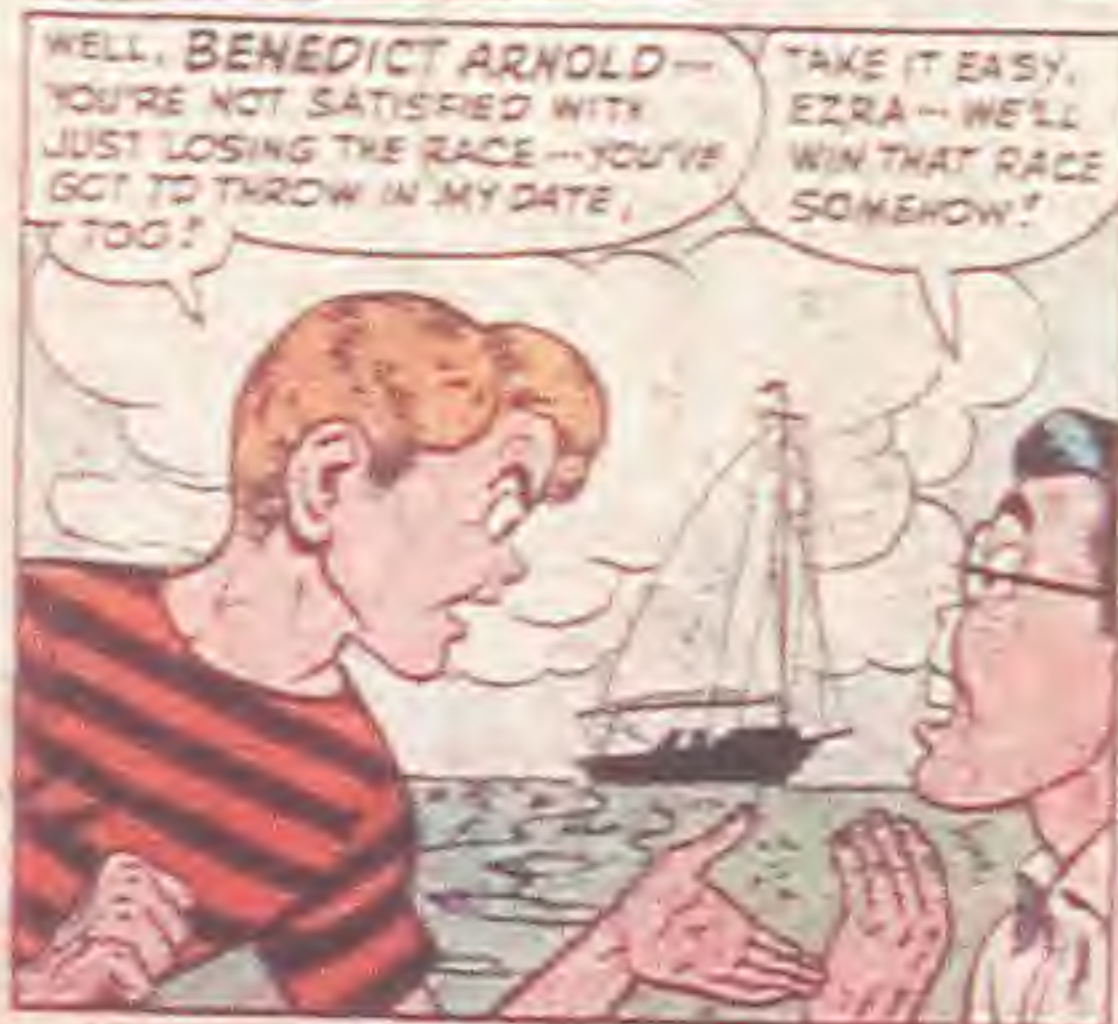
AND WITH A
LITTLE LUCK,
WE'LL WIN THE
T CUP RACE
TOMORROW!

AYE, AYE,
CAP'N
EZRA!

HI, KNUCKLEHEADS!
TAKE A GANDER AT
THE NEW SLOOP
PATER JUST BOUGHT
ME!

GROAN! THERE
GOES THE
RACE!













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IT'S A
**FENCE
BUSTER**

ELECTRIC BASEBALL



CLOSE PLAYS LIKE
THIS ARE BROUGHT
INDOORS BY
ELECTRIC BASEBALL



IT'S TOO BAD WE
HAD TO CALL THE
GAME BECAUSE
OF DARKNESS!

OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT
US HERE! NOW ADMIT
YOU WERE KIDDING.
WHEN YOU SAID WE'D
FINISH THE
GAME IN
YOUR HOME!

NOT AT ALL! WE CAN
CONTINUE THE PLAY
ON THIS ELECTRIC
BASEBALL GAME!

SAY,
THAT LOOKS
SHARP! LET'S
PLAY!



MAN ON 2ND AND 3RD—
A HIT MEANS TWO RUNS
IF YOU'RE FAST ON THE
TRIGGER BAT.
YOU'LL WIN!

STRIKE
HIM OUT,
TOM!

I WANT TO PLAY THE
WINNER! THAT'S THE
BEST LOOKING GAME
I'VE SEEN!

WATCH MY
FAST BALL!



YOU HAVE TO "SWING"
THE BAT AT THE RIGHT
SPOT SECOND AND
KEEP TRACK OF
STRIKES, BALLS,
HITS, OUTS, RUNS,
INNINGS, ETC.

PLAY BALL—
I'M ALL
SET!

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WITH HIS
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RUINING THE
RANSOM PLAN



FOLLOWING AN URGENT POLICE FLASH, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELA CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS TRACK DANGEROUS KIDNAPPERS TO A LONELY WOOD-CUT. AS THE BOYS STAND GUARD, U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF FOR HELP...



HOPE THE BOYS DON'T RUN INTO TROUBLE BEFORE I GET BACK WITH THE POLICE...



WHILE AT THE KIDNAPPERS' SHACK...

HURRY UP WITH THAT RANSOM NOTE HUSSY, SO WE CAN SCREAM OUT HERE...

JEEPERS—WE'VE GOTTA KEEP THEM HERE 'TIL ROYAL GETS BACK! C'MON—I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



HOW TH—WHAT A TIME FOR FLAT TIRES! GET THE HAND-PUMP—WE GOTTA WORK FAST!



BUT U.S. ROYAL WORKS FASTER AND RETURNS WITH THE POLICE IN THE WICK OF TIME!

LETTING THE AIR OUT OF THEIR TIRES SURE WAS A GREAT IDEA, FELLAS!

IT OUGHTA BE!—WE GOT IT OUT OF BIKE COMICS IN "IRONIC PAY-OFF" WHEN JIMMY FULLER—

WHA! DON'T SPOIL THE STORY... LET OUR READERS GET THEIR FREE COPIES FIRST!

WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY... AND, SAY—WHEN YOU SEE A HAPPY WOODIE LIKE THAT ONE, YOU CAN BE JUST AS SURE THERE'S A COPY OF BIKE COMICS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!



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